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ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.
THE WANDERER.

'Educated at — College—practised at the bar in South Carolina—been a member of the Legislature'—'Why, my little gentleman, I'm a man of eminence although I look so'—uttered one of the most wild and haggard pictures of human wretchedness I ever beheld. It was a delightful autumnal sunset, the proud king of day had just descended, leaving the western horizon in all that surpassing beauty which man may admire, but cannot describe. I was sitting pensively at my window, indulging in a train of thought, to me ever delightful. The wonders and beauties of creation, the goodness and beneficence of the great Father of all, every where so signally displayed, filled my mind, as I alternately glanced from the burnished sky to the richly waving harvest fields with emotions which I may in vain hope to express. And this, I mentally exclaimed, as I viewed again and again the beautiful and far-stretching landscape, this is the residence of man, who, created with endowments but little inferior to the angels, reigns through the lower walks the supreme lord. What cause has he, I continued, to bear in constant remembrance the fountain of all good, and to use aright the noble and exalted powers which have in all goodness and wisdom been assigned him! Such were my reflections, when the broken sentences which head this article broke upon my ear. I turned and beheld a group of lads collected around a ragged and loathsome figure, whose chattering, and grotesque gesticulations appeared highly to amuse them. His actions, singular and ludicrous as they were in themselves, produced in my mind a most painful sensation, and I involuntarily exclaimed, 'Is this one of the favored race of God, one of the proud lords of creation, degraded below even the very brutes! And this doubtless, is caused by his own unholy and irregular courses. Profaning the image he bears, he has set at defiance the righteous giver of his life and contaminated him-

self with all uncleanness.' Scarcely had I noticed this, ere the object of my speculation had burst in upon my retirement. I then believed him to be labouring under the influence of mere intoxication. 'Educated at — College—practised at the Bar in S. C.' &c. &c. Were again wildly and incoherently uttered by him, bowing at the same time, not ungracefully. And, then, not regarding the interrogatory which I put to him, he fell to repeating passages from both the Greek and Latin classics, with a readiness and copiousness which truly astonished me. I readily concluded, as he evidently wished it to appear, that he had been a man of no inferior stamp. But what was he now? His scathed intellect, the deep lines of his haggard countenance, his torn and filthy garments, all bespoke that a desolating blight had come over him. I felt a keen desire to know something of his history, for I by this time felt assured that something besides intoxication had thrown into chaos that cultivated mind, and caused that frenzy of the brain, but his wild and unsteady appearance gave me no promise of being gratified. I endeavoured to soothe him, that I might draw something from him in relation to his situation—but my efforts were fruitless. He continued without cessation, for some moments his aimless ravings and rehearsals. At length I approached him, and with some sternness again endeavoured to silence him. He regarded me with an eye that kindled into fury, exclaiming more passionately than ever, 'You regard that heathen wretch, Socrates, as a philosopher and a wise man, don't you? Oh! he's a *savage*, he has sent his evil demon to torment me. Ah! see he comes, he comes'—and with a hideous shriek, the recollection of which even yet thrills through me, rushed from the house. I followed him, I felt that I had a duty to perform, and was determined not to shrink from it. I felt that his confinement would be no less a mercy to himself than to society. He had proceeded but a little way before I saw him fall. I procured assistance and approached him. A bloody foam was upon his lips—he was writhing in the

most terrible convulsions, and his inutterably ghastly appearance I shall never forget. I had him conveyed to lodgings, resolved that fallen and degraded as he appeared, no effort should be spared for his relief or comfort. When this fearful spasm ceased, he appeared dull and heavy, and save an occasional brief convulsive start, was tolerably quiet. The following morning he appeared relapsing into his former mood, and commenced repeating his accustomed gibberish, though somewhat in a subdued tone. Except a continually increasing weakness, he lay nearly in this situation for three days; during which time he would occasionally exhibit glimpses of returning reason. On the morning of the fourth day, I visited him as usual, and as I bent over him, I thought I discovered a softer expression in his large blue eye, which he fixed more earnestly and steadily upon me, than I had before observed. Upon my asking him if he was free from pain, he wildly replied. 'I am free from pain, but not from astonishment at my present situation. Where am I? To whose hospitality am I indebted?' I saw that reason was indeed breaking in upon his shattered intellect, and unwilling to agitate him, I offered him such explanation as I could without exciting him, I checked him in the profusion of thanks which followed, cautioned him against excitations, and assured him that he might now calculate with confidence upon a speedy recovery. 'Never,' he exclaimed, with peculiar warmth, 'even now the chills of death are freezing up my vitals—Yes,' he added after a pause, 'the visions of earth are fast fading from my view, the grave will soon claim me for its own.' I feared that by dwelling upon exciting subjects he might relapse into his former wildness. I therefore endeavoured and with some success, to divert and calm him. Earnestly as I wished to know something more of this singular man, I considered that it would be unwise to introduce the subject then; so, after a prolonged visit, I left him, assuring him in reply to his earnest solicitations, that I would, as I had done, continue to see him often.—I visited him early the following morning, and a forced, though mournful smile played upon his countenance, as he stretched out his trembling, emaciated hand. He was calm, his reason appeared clear and settled, but his physical powers were greatly weakened. He was plainly a man of superior intellect, as well as of superior acquirements; but disease, misfortune, or vice, or all, had evidently been busy with him, and had reduced him to a mere remnant of his former self. I requested of him the story of his life—at this, a burning flush spread over his pallid features, his eyes glistened for a moment, his breast heaved as if struggling with some strong emotion, and his face was bathed in tears. After an agitation of some moments, he appeared to have obtained a partial mastery over his feelings, and replied to my request in substance as follows: 'Sorrowful as it is, there

is nothing strangely uncommon in the story of my life; for the same vices, and the same unchastened passions bring thousands of the victims of licentious indulgence, by nearly similar paths, and attended with nearly like circumstances, down to the gulf of wretchedness and despair. I am now near my end, the grave is opening its portals to receive me, and I would fain sink in silence into its bosom, and have the wave of oblivious forgetfulness roll over the short existence which I have disgraced. But I have one request to make, which I cannot well do without revealing something of my history. My story too may serve to warn others into the path of virtue. Briefly then—I was born in opulence, of parents who occupied no mean station in society. My father died when I was young, leaving me to the doting kindness and guidance of a widowed mother. With no wish ungratified, no pleasure untasted, a will unrestrained, I grew up a proud, reckless, headstrong boy. Great pains were bestowed upon my education. All the advantages that wealth could purchase were enjoyed by me. I returned from one of the first collegiate institutions of our country, where, with the seeds of learning, had also been sown the seeds of my future downfall and misery. I was then in the incipient stages of gambling and dissipation. I embraced the profession of the Law, and was practising with some success and applause. I was at an age, and in a situation proper for forming the interesting and important connexions of life. I cast about me for a companion with whom to share the toils and cares ever incident to this stage of existence. Nor was I long in fastening my eyes upon one who was richly adorned with all the amiable and endearing virtues of her sex.—Here the voice of the agitated speaker faltered, he covered his face with his hands, and continued for sometime silent, evidently overwhelmed by the agony of his feelings. I felt not at liberty to interrupt those feelings, caused by the compunctions of a guilty conscience, and I too, sat in silence. At length he exclaimed, 'Alas, that I should have murdered her! Our union afforded us the most blissful anticipations of coming happiness. And, indeed, we might have been happy, had it not been for my renewal of former acquaintances, and a consequent renewal of former habits and aberrations. I shall not, I cannot be minute. It is sufficiently painful to glance at the main points of my hateful courses. Soon, a neglected business, a loss of confidence and of popular favour, a ruined and desperate fortune, an agonized parent, and a broken hearted wife, bore awful testimony to the effects of my damning sins. But desperation had now seized upon me, and I rushed on blindly and recklessly. My own substance I had wasted. I had drawn upon the overweening kindness of my aged parent, till I had reduced her fortune to a mere remnant, and even that little remnant I was determined she should not reserve, as she in-

tended, for my neglected, suffering family. I *fauned* around her (he uttered this with a tone and expression of bitter derision) entreated her, promised reformation; but all this she had heard too often, and she reproached me with my cruelty and vices, and re-expressed her firm and unalterable resolution to preserve the little that was left from my insatiate grasp. I was infuriate, and cursed, O, bitterness! *cursed* and heaped unmeasured abuse upon her who gave me birth, and who had extended to me even more than usual parental kindness. I was desperate—what was I to do? Money! I must have money!—*Forgery!* Ah, the deep damnation of my guilt increased. The thought entered my mind—I recked not consequences—the deed was done—my *Mother's* name was *forged*. It was as I had expected. To save her wretched son from the infamy he more than deserved, and to conceal his guilt, the small remainder of her fortune was given up, and she was left in beggary and want—but not long to want—her afflictions were too severe, she sunk beneath them. Why could I not have stopped here, and afforded one little ray of comfort to the suffering, dying angel who soon followed her. But every sensibility was blunted; I was under the dominion of a strange fatuity. Intemperance, gambling, and all their thousand execrable accompaniments, held in check every virtuous emotion, and my course in vice was onward—*onward*. Now that I reflect upon it, I am unable to conceive how it could have been so, how I could have witnessed the uncomplaining, patient, affectionate and heavenly bearing of that poor creature whose destiny was unfortunately linked with mine, without having been aroused to virtue and humanity, without having been penetrated with a deep sense of my enormous wickedness. But in the stupid bestiality of my vices, I paused not to reflect.—As was my custom, I came home late one night from the loathsome haunts of vice, drunk, infuriate. As I staggered through the door which my poor, trembling wife arose to open, I thought she spoke reproachfully. But it was a heated imagination doubtless, which magnified a feebly uttered expression into a term of reproach, for her surpassing forbearance and patience ever preponderated, and strange as it may appear, amidst all her trials she was affectionate still. But however much I deserved reproach, I was in no humour to receive it then—and what did I do? O, God, can there be any forgiveness for such an enormity—I smote her to the earth, and left her there insensible—and there she lay for the remainder of the night, upon the cold floor. I slept off the fumes of the previous night's revelry, when I arose and found my poor uncomplaining wife upon the floor, unable to rise. She had shed tears, but then her cheek was blanched and dry; and her heart-broken and heart-breaking sobs did arouse within my callous breast, something like a shudder, something

like a spark of feeling. I felt emotions working within me, to which I had long been a stranger. I conveyed her to a bed—"Stephen," she faintly and entreatingly said, "Stephen, I am dying, will you let me see our little Mary before I die?" Oh, the all consuming agony of that moment! I felt that she was indeed dying, and that I was her executioner. Still, she was so mild, so uncomplaining, it would have softened a harder heart than mine. Not a reproach, not a harsh word did she utter. I felt my brain whirl, I shouted, I raved—I know not what I did. Presently the room was filled with those who were there to comfort, and to perform kind offices for the poor, dying victim of my abuse. And little Mary was beside her. O, the relentings that then poured in upon my soul! I knew that my unkindness had broken the heart of my wife—I knew that my last act of barbarity had hastened her already downward passage to the tomb. I was called to her bedside—she was taking leave of the little, unfortunate Mary, and as she printed the last kiss upon her brow, I saw my dying wife draw *my* miniature, given to her in other and better days, from her bosom; she raised it to her lips, and then placed it in the bosom of the child. O, agony, I was almost phrenzied! As I bent over her, she said, "One kiss, Stephen, 'tis the last." I faltered something about forgiveness—"O, I *do* forgive you, and may God, may God forgive you—what will become of poor Mary?" I heard no farther. When sensibility again returned to me, my poor wife was no more. Her earthly suffering had ceased. She had died without one murmur against the cruelty of her husband, without alluding to the last inhuman treatment which hastened her death. I gazed upon her clay cold visage, placid and lovely even in death—impressed a kiss upon her marble brow—the touch shot a thrill of horror through my soul—I rushed forth, I knew not where. Since that period, there is a vagueness, a confusion thrown over my actions which I cannot penetrate. That I have had sundry fits of real insanity, I know; and whenever reason and sensibility did return, I would fly to the intoxicating bowl to swirl down oblivion, for reflection was torment. I have been wandering, I know not whither, nor how long. But I am here now, and upon a bed of death—I shall soon meet those whom my cruelty has sent before me—the wrath of Heaven, I fear, is in waiting for me."

The narrator was greatly agitated towards the close of his relation, insomuch that he was frequently forced to stop, and control and calm his feelings, before he could proceed. At the close of his last sentence, one of his fits of agitation, amounting almost to a convulsion, again came over him, and as he appeared quite exhausted, I desired him to wait till another day before he finished, and in the mean time endeavour to calm and compose himself. 'I have but little more to say,' he replied, 'I have a re-

quest to make and must make it now, to-morrow may be too late. You no doubt, by this time look upon me as a monster, but yet, I hope you will perform my last request, if not for my sake, for the sake of my innocent child. Here, he exclaimed pulling a miniature from his bosom, here is that angelic wife whom I have loved, whom I have abused, whom, O God, I have murdered! Yes, yes, I know I have sent her broken hearted to the grave. This miniature I leave as a legacy to my poor Mary. It is all I have on earth to give her. I have neither a fortune nor a *good name* to leave her. She already has my miniature, presented to her by her dying Mother—and now her unworthy, but repentant and dying father, presents to her that of her sainted Mother. It is strange to me that I have had grace enough to preserve even this treasure through all my frightful wanderings. Will you see it conveyed to Mary's hands? This request may seem to you trifling perhaps, yet trifling as it may be, it will soothe the anguish and agony of a dying man to be assured of its accomplishment. I assured him that I should take great pleasure in executing his last wish, that it would afford me much gratification to be able to inform his child of the repentance and contrition of her father, and to place that in her hands, which under all the circumstances must be to her an invaluable boon. He seized my hand, and with much earnestness added, 'Tell her to let the virtues and misfortunes of one parent, and the frightful aberrations of the other, sink deep into her heart. Tell her ever to remember, that virtue has its reward and vice its punishment—and warn her carefully to follow the counsel, and imitate the virtues of her angel-mother, and she will ere long be permitted to join her in Paradise. Let me ask you again if you *will* perform my last earnest request?' I again assured him that I would, and he continued, 'God will reward your goodness, I cannot. My story may be told to warn the young and inexperienced to fly from the haunts of vice and dissipation, to hold up to the world the extreme wretchedness which an indulgence in vicious propensities ever begets. But let my name be forgotten. When I am gone, let that too fade from the earth. Let it not be recorded, but let oblivion claim it for its own.' He ceased, and after commending him to quietness and composure, I took my leave of him for the day. My feelings during this scene I will not delay the reader by attempting to describe, but leave him to judge from his own feelings while reading, what mine must have been while hearing and seeing.

Early the next morning I was called to his bedside. He had been gradually sinking, and was now near his end; the hand of death was pressing heavily upon him. As he feebly extended his hand to me, he faintly whispered, 'I will soon be over, remember Mary and my last request.' I re-assured him that it should be faithfully executed, that nothing should be forgotten. A mournful smile of satisfaction

lighted his countenance for a moment, and then lowly breathing out a short, ejaculatory prayer, he lay for sometime quiet. At length starting up quickly, with a tone, an emphasis, and a look of fixed wildness never to be forgotten, pointing towards the foot of his bed, he exclaimed, '*See yonder!*'—fell back and expired, leaving upon his shrivelled features an expression of ghastliness and horror.

It has often been a matter of serious speculation with me, as to what visions of terror burst upon his view, as the bonds of mortality were sundered.—

First Prize Tale from the Ladies' Mirror.

THE FATALIST.

BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF HARTFORD, (CT.)

In dissipation he had revelled long,
Had known the wildest paths that vice e'er trod;
He roamed, seduced by pleasure's syren song,
Until he hated man, himself and God.

J. G. PERCIVAL.

The lights and shades, the ups and downs of life are not unfrequently traceable to those trifling incidents, the importance of which, at the time they occurred, passed by as unworthy of recollection. The vicious man knows in his own heart the little fountains from whence his evils flowed, and however unwilling he may be to acknowledge them, others can see and believe. Man never becomes suddenly wicked. Imperfect as his nature is, he is led on by degrees from one corruption to another, till his whole soul is completely enveloped in the darkest vices. Like the Serpent of Regulus, he then exhales a poisonous effluvium, and all who dare approach him, are infected with its deadly influence. Like the electric shock, his principles when communicated, spread desolation over the fairest scenes of moral beauty. In such deep depravity and with no prospect of future success in the world—man is glad to charge the authorship of his evils upon the Majesty of Heaven. The following tale, gentle reader, is no fancy's sketch. I once had a friend whose history I have endeavored in this most faithfully to delineate. * * * * *

'To-morrow then,' said Elizabeth Stanley to Edward Morton, as they were walking alone one evening, 'you go to a distant State?'

'Yes, Elizabeth, I must quit the enticing paths of pleasure and seek to bring into action the talents which nature has assigned me, and to prepare a passport to that eminent station, to which in pursuance with the wishes of my friends I have ever aspired. But although this is my ambition I will not forget the friends of my earlier years, and I hope that you too will not forget.'

'I like your ambition—but does my Edward believe I can ever forget him? In the sincerity of my soul—I tell you such a thing can never happen while memory lives.'

'No, Elizabeth: I do not believe it, I only fear that you will remember me too long—longer than I shall deserve. I am not worthy your affections, and yet I love you to adoration.

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My whole soul is centered in the grand aim of deserving at some future day your hand and promoting your happiness.'

'It is idle, dear Edward, to talk of being unworthy the creature who addresses you. "To err is human" and if in the course of your life some passages have occurred of an unpleasant nature, it does not follow that you must be treated with cold neglect. Vice and folly, the concomitant evils of every man, are lost in the blaze of your virtues.'

'Say then openly, dearest one, are you willing to rest your future felicity upon the fortunes of my humble self? Young and blooming, dare you sacrifice the better offers that may yet be made you in binding yourself to me? The consent of your father to our union has already been obtained, so soon as I shall have completed my Collegiate course, and been well prepared to enter upon the duties of my intended profession.'

'The only objection,' returned she with maiden modesty, 'that I could possibly have in answering these questions affirmatively, has been removed in the kind consent of my father, I am willing!'

Thus ended the brief interview of Edward and Elizabeth the evening previous to the former's departure for——College. Oh! fatal words—*I am willing!* Would that she could have looked through the dim vista of futurity, and seen the blighted hopes, and the prostrated soul of him who once loved her even to idolatry! But yet she could not do otherwise than utter the sentiments of her heart—she could not do otherwise than bind herself to his fortunes. They had been loving friends from their earliest years. The affection which had grown up between them was of the deepest and most lasting kind, and whoever gazed upon them in their moments of joyous hilarity, when their thoughts and their feelings seemed blended into one, would, involuntarily exclaim 'surely—if Heaven ever destined two beings for matrimonial union—it has destined Edward and Elizabeth.' I knew them both well. My lot of life was cast in the peaceful neighborhood of their own residence, and I was a frequent witness of the partiality they bore each other.—But I will not dwell longer on that part of my story.

Edward entered College under circumstances flattering in the extreme. The graceful manliness of his character, the favorable indication of his great talents, and the known wealth of his father—all rendered him an object of universal attention. I also was pursuing my collegiate course at the same time and stood in the relation of class-mate, and friendly counsellor to him. For two years he shone like a brilliant star among his equals—all of whom gazed on him with admiration and many with envy. The hopes of a fond father seemed indeed about to be realized. The prospect of his son's future usefulness and greatness had opened bright and gladdening upon his view,

and he felt that all his anxieties and cares were about to be recompensed in the most acceptable manner. But alas! Our fondest expectations are but the day-dreams of a moment. We rise in the morning and behold a clear sky and a bright landscape—but at night dark clouds are curtaining the heavens and thick mists are resting upon the hills. Edward was full of the loftiest spirit of ambition—but he was too much intoxicated with the splendor of his own success. He began to persuade himself that labor was unnecessary—that native genius should rely upon its own unaided powers for the comprehension of knowledge. He began also blindly to believe that in imitating to life the course which great geniuses had ever pursued, he must become eccentric and vicious withal. The associations which he had formed were not of a kind to lead him to the adoption of better sentiments, or to his moral elevation. In literary institutions it frequently happens that the highest orders of intellect can be found in individuals of the loosest habits, and deepest moral depravity, and as a great fault in our young hero's character, and one which stood out in bold relief, was a want of fixed principles of virtue and religion. It is easy to see how banefully the associations of such individuals would operate upon him. They did operate banefully. He mingled in them, avoiding the society of his better and more serious friends, until he became reckless and indifferent. His studies were neglected, and in proportion as he neglected these, he became more and more conversant with the vices and corruptions concomitant with his principles. I never shall forget the influence which I exerted to reclaim him from the pathway of ruin. I reasoned with him. I pointed to 'Fame's proud temple shining afar.' I set before him the hopes of a fond father and the expectation of an indulgent mother. And last I held up the beautiful being of his soul's adoration. But he seemed inexorable. The lofty feelings, the tender sensibilities, and the rich impulses all had passed away, and left a complete moral desolation.

—One morning, not long after this, I entered Edward's room and found him lying upon the bed in the most agonized state of mind. He had evidently been dissipating the evening previous, and his perturbed feelings were now the consequence. After a few moments silence, he thus spoke out in a tone of despondency.

'My friend, would to God I had never been born! I know it was fated that I should turn out a wicked man—a drunkard—and an infidel.'

'Pshaw, Edward, what signifies believing in what does not in reality exist? There is no such thing as fatality—and whoever reasons upon the matter at all, will readily acknowledge that it is existent only in the wild dreams of the imagination. What think you would become of the world if such a doctrine were true? What would be the use or necessity of exertion?'

'Ah! my friend, that is the very point to which I especially refer. If our destiny is fixed there is no advantage in exertion. I was born to be a wicked man, a wretched being, and all the acts in the world cannot make me good and virtuous. I shall die as I have lived a miserable man.'

'Oh Edward how altered are your views of things! Six months ago such sentiments uttered in your presence would have called forth the most indignant rebuke. But are you willing by pertinaciously adhering to this doctrine to forego your prospects of usefulness and greatness, and above all, your probable happiness with Elizabeth Stanley?'

'I once thought,' answered he, 'that I might meet the expectations of my friends and be instrumental in promoting the happiness of one whom I always have and always shall love with the disinterested fervor of youth. But it is vain to work against fate.'

Here I left him, wondering what strange cause had led him to the utterance of such views. But an hour had not passed away ere the report was circulating through the Institution—that a student had, in a wrangle last evening—stabbed a citizen of the place. Quicker than lightning the thought came over me that this student was Edward. The interview which I had just held with him and his reckless course of dissipation gave me no reason to doubt it. I immediately returned to his room and questioned him closely upon the point. My fears proved too true.

'Yes I have done it,' said he, 'but nature made me for a wretch and I cannot alter her decree.'

'Will you persist,' said I, 'in such a foolish doctrine at your time of life and with your means of becoming great?'

'How can I do otherwise?' returned he 'I have somehow implanted this idea and I cannot for my life eradicate it.'

I reasoned with him long and strong upon the subject—but he met my arguments with the reckless enthusiasm of despair. The film of vice seemed to have gathered thick over his soul and he was glad even of the poor subterfuge of fatality to palliate his unholy career. He had seen happy days and bright prospects, and he spurned the idea that any thing but an unalterable destiny had caused them to disappear. He reasoned like one who was determined not to be persuaded and bring the sin of guilt to the door of his own moral depravity. Occasionally, indeed, the light of reason would break in upon his soul—but like the transitory gleams of lightning, it served only to show more terribly the blackness of the gathered storm.

(Concluded in our next.)

Common conversation is the best mirror of a man's heart; and he that can be deceived by a person with whom he has been intimate, discovers a want of discernment, that would, were it possible, excuse the imposition.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SKETCH.

She was all light and loveliness; and her eye, deep and lucid as the sapphire, beamed with animation. The amber curls that waved around her head, like streaks of sunshine, shaded a brow fairer than the swan's white down. She was all smiles and innocence—like a bright influence diffusing love and harmony. But now a Change came o'er her and she faded—she, the fair, the gay! The sunny smile had vanished, and the cheek's bright hue had fled. The crystal drops that hung upon her eye's dark fringe, like dew upon the rose, kissed her fair, soft cheek. She was all sad and lovely—like a lone bird whose dulcet notes are hushed. Her young affections had been given to one who asked them not, save in the silent language of the eye; and left her without one word of sorrow or regret. He too, loved, but breathed it not, save to his own heart, or in the murmur of a dream; but quickly fled the beauteous vision which had bowed the heart that stern misfortune could not shake. But years passed on, and he returned.—Once more his footsteps pressed his native shore; and she was there still meekly—beautiful even in her despair; and they have met again, and he has knelt—she wept, then smiled—and her gentle spirit clung to earth again. R. L. D.

THE BIBLE.

The following is the account of the number of books, chapters, verses, words and letters, contained in the Old and New Testament.

OLD TESTAMENT.

Number of Books	39
Chapters	929
Verses	23,214
Words	592,439
Letters	2,728,100

The middle book is proverbs.

The middle chapter is Job 29.

The middle verse would be 2d Chronicles, xx. 17, if there were a verse more, and verse 18, if there were a verse less.

The word *and* occurs 35,543 times.

The word *Jehovah* occurs 6,855 times.

The shortest verse is 1st Chron. i. 25.

The 21st verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet.

The 19th of the 2d of Kings, and 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike.

NEW TESTAMENT.

Number of Books	27
Chapters	260
Verses	7,959
Words	181,258
Letters	838,380

The middle Book is 2d Thessalonians.

The middle Chapter is Romans 13, if there were a chapter more, and 14 if there were a chapter less.

The middle verse is Acts xvii. 17.

The shortest verse is John xi. 35.

OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT.

Number of Books	66
Chapters	1,189
Verses	31,173
Words	773,697
Letters	3,560,480

Middle Chapter, and least in the Bible, Psalm cxvii.

Middle verse Psalm cxviii. 8.

It is said that three years of the calculator's life were occupied in forming this table.

Sneezing.—A schoolmaster taught his boys whenever they heard him sneeze, to rise up with solemnity, and ejaculate, God preserve our venerable tutor! One day he took them out for a walk; and the weather being hot he proposed they should drink at a well. The well was deep—so the master made them join their turbans together for a rope, and descending to the bottom, handed them up their drink, one after the other. The refreshment being over, he bade them draw him out again, and had nearly reached the top, when the coldness of the well made him sneeze; the whole posse instantly let go the rope threw themselves into their accustomed attitude and exclaimed with great fervor 'God preserve our venerable tutor,' who fell and broke his leg.

In some parish churches it was formerly the custom to separate the men from the women. A clergyman, being interrupted by loud talking, stopped short, when a woman eager for the honor of her sex, arose and said, 'Your reverence the noise is not among us.'—'So much the better,' answered the priest, 'it will be over the sooner.'

Voltaire in his younger years wrote a very severe satire on a man of rank in France. The nobleman one day meeting the poet in a narrow lane, where it was impossible to escape, gave him a severe drubbing. Voltaire complained to the regent and requested justice. 'It is too late,' replied the regent, 'justice has been done already.'

A gentleman having a horse that started and broke his wife's neck, a neighbouring squire told him he wished to purchase it for his wife to ride upon. 'No,' says the other, 'no,—I will not sell the little fellow, because I intend to marry again myself.'

Absence of Mind.—An old woman who sold ale, being in church, fell asleep during divine service, and unluckily let her old fashioned clasped Bible fall, which making a great noise, she exclaimed, half awake, 'so you jade, there's another jug broken.'

Two curious apologies for cowardice are recorded. One is that of an Irishman, who said 'He had a heart as bold as a lion, but his cowardly legs ran away with it on the appre-

hension of danger.' The other an English officer, who being tried by a court martial for cowardice, said 'He did not run away from fear of the enemy, but only to see how long a paltry carcass might last a man, with good looking to.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1831.

The Cincinnati Mirror.—This is the title of a new periodical to be published every other Saturday, by John H. Wood, Cincinnati, Ohio, and edited by Wm. D. Gallagher. The two numbers already issued are now before us; they are neatly printed, on good paper, and contain much interesting matter, both original and selected.

Scientific Tracts.—These Tracts are issued semi-monthly from the press of Messrs. Carter, Hendee and Babcock, Boston, and contain much valuable matter in the various departments of science. Their design is the spreading abroad of useful knowledge in a simple style, easily to be understood by persons of ordinary literary attainments. They are well conducted and contain a vast fund of useful information, which may be had for the trifling sum of \$1.50 per annum.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending November 2d.

D. Edwards, Montague, Ms. \$1; H. Speer, Cincinnati, O. \$1; L. Thompson, Kingston, N. Y. \$1; J. T. Van Vleet, Kingston, N. Y. \$1; M. A. Youngs, West Mendon, N. Y. \$1; H. Hastings, Constatine, N. Y. \$1; D. Van Cott, Albany, N. Y. \$1; G. F. Denning, Athens, N. Y. \$1; J. Veber, East Richfield, N. Y. \$1; R. P. Hatch, Upper Ledy, N. Y. \$1; J. Sherwood, Byron, N. Y. \$1; D. Burgess, Leesville, Ct. \$1.

SUMMARY.

A Miss Rider has been appointed Post Master at Covington, Rhode Island.

New England rum, constantly used to wash the hair, keeps it very clean, and free from disease, and promotes its growth a great deal more than Macassar oil. Brandy is very strengthening to the roots of the hair; but it has a hot, drying tendency, which N. England rum has not.

Lime pulverised, sifted through coarse muslin, and stirred up tolerably thick in white of eggs makes a strong cement for glass and china. Plaster of Paris is still better; particularly for mending broken images of the same material.

Beef tea, for the sick, is made by broiling a tender steak nicely, seasoning with pepper and salt, cutting it up, and pouring water over it, not quite boiling. Put in a little water at a time, and let it stand to soak the goodness out.

Parsnips should be kept down cellar, covered up in sand, entirely excluded from the air. They are good only in the spring.

The purple paper, which comes on leaf sugar, boiled in cider or vinegar, with a small bit of alum, makes a fine purple slate color. Done in iron.

MARRIED.

In Claverack, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Shryter, Mr. Robert Smith, to Miss Jane Carpenter, daughter of Amos Carpenter, Jr. merchant, both of this city.

In New York, on the 25th ult. Mr. Benjamin Downing, of the firm of G. R. & B. Downing, to Mary Ann, daughter of Christopher Hoxie, Esq. late of this city.

At Albany, on the 26th ult. Mr. Edgar Jenkins, of New Orleans, to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Chancelor Walworth.

In Claverack, on the 1st ult. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. William Poucher, to Miss Anna Maria Crapsey, both of Claverack.

In Ghent, on the 6th ult. by the same, Mr. Isaac Parker, to Miss Margery South, both of Ghent.

In Chatham, on the 11th ult. by the same, Mr. George V. H. Read, to Miss Mary E. Hull, of Providence, R. I.

In Ghent, by the same, Mr. Henry P. Pulver, Adjutant of the 47th Regiment of Infantry, to Miss Sally E. Jacobus, both of Ghent.

In Kinderhook, on the 12th ult. by the same, Mr. Peter Kugman, to Miss Catharine Hoysradt.

In Claverack, on the 13th ult. by the same, Mr. Sylvester Blackesly, of Windham, Greene Co. to Miss Gertrude Benner, of Claverack.

At Hillsdale, on the 22d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Shryter, Mr. Jacob Palmer, merchant of Hillsdale, to Miss Sarah Brown, of the same place.

DIED.

In this city, on the 23d ult. William S. only child of Mr. Peter Burger, in the 6th year of his age.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 14th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth McCammon, aged 22 years, wife of Mr. Joseph McCammon, and daughter of Mrs. Anna Comstock, late of this city.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.
THE UNHAPPY CHILD.
 BY E. T. BAILEY.

This world is but a joyless land
 Of thorns and briars and desert sand
 And few of pleasure's flowers,
 Where ever anxious care and sorrow
 Await upon each coming morrow
 And grief in tempests lowers.
 No longer would I linger here
 But for a dread—an awful fear
 Of something after death.—
 Oh, could I know that Heaven was nigh,
 How gladly I'd lie down to die
 And sigh away my breath!
 My heart is formed for filial love,
 But ah! 'tis fated ne'er to prove
 A parent's tenderness.
 A mother's love I never shared
 Since first my infant breast was bared
 To sorrow and distress;
 But oh, loved sire whom I revere,
 I feel I once, to thee was dear,
 As thou still art to me;
 But now—the cause I cannot tell—
 I only know and know too well
 No more I'm loved by thee.
 Thy kindness in my infant years
 Has often dried the bitter tears
 That flowed from childish care,
 And love and gratitude for thee,
 First in my heart shall ever be
 And deepest buried there.
 Aye! though my wants be unsupplied,
 My wishes spurned, my prayers denied,
 And thy kind heart be changed,
 Yet still my grateful love shall last
 Fed by the memory of the past;—
 It ne'er can be estranged!

The following beautiful lines from the pen of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, were written immediately after a visit to the grave of the 'Mother of Washington.'

MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

Mother of him whose godlike fame,
 The good throughout the world revere,
 Ah! why without a stone or name,
 Thus sleep'st thou unregarded here?
 Fair pensile branches o'er thee wave,
 And Nature decks the chosen dell,
 Yet surely o'er thy hallowed grave
 A nation's mournful sighs should swell.
 Rome, with a burst of filial pride,
 The mother of her Gracchi viewed;
 And why should we restrain the tide
 Of reverential gratitude?
 She to sublime Volumni paid
 Her tribute of enraptured tears,
 When the dread chief that voice obeyed
 Which sternly curbed his infant years.
 Thou in the days of Sparta's might,
 Hadst high on her illustrious roll
 Been ranked amid those matrons bright
 Who nobly nursed the great of soul.

For disciplined in wisdom's school,
 The lofty people owned thy sway
 And well might he be skilled to rule,
 So early nurtured to obey.
 No enervating arts refined,
 To slumber lulled his heaven-born might,
 No weak indulgence warped thy mind,
 To cloud a hero's path of light.
 Say, when upon thy shielding breast
 The saviour of his country hung,
 When his soft lips to thine were pressed,
 Wooing the accents of thy tongue,
 Sawest thou, prescience o'er his brow,
 The shadowy wreaths of laurel grow?
 Or when his infant hands were taught
 By thee in simple prayer to rise,
 Say, were thy own devotions fraught
 With heightened incense for the skies?
 Well may that realm, confiding rest,
 Heroes and mighty chiefs to see,
 Who finds its infant offspring blest
 With monitors and guides like thee.
 Some future age, than ours more just,
 With his shall blend thy honor'd name;
 And rear, exulting o'er thy dust,
 The monument of endless fame—
 Shall thither bid young mothers wend
 To bless thy spirit as they rove,
 And learn, while o'er thy tomb they bend,
 For Heaven to train the babes they love.

From the Winchester Republican.

'I HAVE LOITERED TO GATHER.'

I have loiter'd to gather some flowers by the way,
 As I trudged on to Wisdom's old shrine;
 If too tempting and bright in my pathway they lay,
 'Twas the fault of the flowers—not mine:
 There were rose-buds to garland the fountain of bliss—
 There were some for the altar of care—
 And smiles lay embalmed in each magical kiss,
 That won the lone wanderer there.
 They tell me those blossoms, in beauty and bloom,
 Hang warm for a while on the heart,
 To leave but behind them the sadness and gloom,
 And the blighting that will not depart:
 But the brow of cold being!—oh who would not wreath,
 Though the coronal fade in a day!
 And the sweet strain of pleasure!—oh who would not
 Breathe,
 Though it sink in sad murmurs away? NORNA.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Because it will never run.

PUZZLE II.—Because it is kept by a *mare* (mayor.)

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is a four-quart measure like a side-saddle?

II.

What letters express fitness, and propriety?

PRINTING INK.

A. Stoddard has just received a large supply of *Winter News Ink*, which will be sold by the keg at 25 Cents per lb. This Ink has been used for the Repository the three last years, and is warranted to be equal, if not superior, to any that can be purchased at the same price in Albany or New-York.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

Is published every other Saturday by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, Hudson, N. Y. at ONE DOLLAR, per annum payable in advance. Persons forwarding FIVE DOLLARS shall receive Six Copies. The volume will contain 4 Engravings, and a Title page and Index will be furnished at the end of the year.

All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.